The New Plays

"The Rose of Panama" Sweetly Viennese.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

IF Fritzi Scheff and Emma Trentini should fall over each other and rise as one woman, so to speak, the combination might easily be taken for the clever little woman known as Chapine who wears a certain air of mystery and a very natty looking wig at Daly's.

Chapine—no more, no less—gives life and interest to "The Rose of Panama," an operetta sweetly Viennese by virtue of Heinrich Berte's pretty music. The really charming score lifts the piece above the common level, though the inevitable waltz number is dragged in and drawn out in strict accordance with the union rules that now govern tune tinkers on both sides of the water.

Chapine as Jacinta.

The only trouble with this waltz is that the attractively ugly Chapine doesn't waltz. She looks as though she would prefer to "sit it out," but instead she pulls herself up to the tenor's swelling chest and walks it out with grim determination. This is so funny in itself that the "take off" which follows as a matter of course when one of the alleged comedians lays violent hands upon a trusting chorus lady seems very much like the same thing over again.

Chapine—no more, no less—starts off with considerable dash, but love is so often the burden of her song as she goes along that her high spirits are soon crushed. She sings of her Spanish blood only to allow it to cool when the composer lets the steam go down. Her personality demands something warmer than love songs that sound the plaintive note. But she sings so well that it is always a pleasure to hear her. Something should be done, however, to bring her out more effectively. Even though she isn't "starred" she deserves a better chance than she is given by the piece, which is so arranged as to keep her off the stage at moments when she should be holding down the centre and sending up the best that is in her. Above all, the "curtains" should go to her, and not to the bleating hero.

As matters now stand, the operetta, known originally as "Kreolenblut," fails to make a decided impression. At one point Miss Fay Bainter, young, slender, graceful and pretty, dances off with the performance, but after all it is Chapine's interesting personality and excellent voice that count. Miss Bainter's charm is as light and airy as that of the Quaker girl who skips about at the Park Theatre, and while the range of her legs is far greater than that of her voice she sings pleasingly as well as smilingly.

Fay Bainter as Celine Marinter.

Miss Anna Bussert is inclined to overwork her smile as the wife of the president of a Central American republic that is enjoying the usual week-end revolution. Miss Bussert has a plump voice that matches her figure, but her efforts to be skittish would be less wearing if they ended with the "Lasso Duet" in which she is roped by the department store cowboy who afterwards becomes a picture-book soldier. As this highly-colored hero, Forrest Huff is saddest when he acts. He sings well enough to escape the death penalty.

The men generally can hardly hope for a long life on Broadway. They recall "the road," especially John J. McCowan, who evidently confuses Central America with the Middle West. I might go even further and say that his voice sounds as though it had been cultivated on the prairie. Tom Hadaway and Will Philips—but let's talk about the women! They're much more worth while. The chorus is good to look at and not at all bad to hear. The gorgeous blondes are quite at home with the "Oolie Girl of Panama," obviously a native product. This number is enlivened by happy, grinning pickaninnies, the smallest of whom dances amusingly at the end of the song.

The music of "The Rose of Panama" is lively and bright, also ringing, even smashing, at the end of each act, when the "tout ensemble" bangs away as no Central American revolution could hope to do unless it had ammunition to burn.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"Stop! Look! Listen!"

Betty Vincent

GIRLS, if any one of you is engaged to a man with a small salary obey the sign at the railroad crossings—stop, look, listen!

Please don't think that I counsel mercenary motives. I do heartily believe that love in a cottage or in a Harlem flat is possible; the point is, I don't believe it is possible for every girl and every man.

The first years of married life are difficult enough when exterior surroundings are perfect and when there is real love between the newly made man and wife.

But when the new home is smaller and more inconvenient than the girl's old one an every-day-in-the-year difficulty is added to the situation. It can easily be conquered by the right sort of love. But you must realize your future environment as completely as possible before marriage to find out if your love will endure it.

That's why I say—stop, look, listen!

Does She Care?

"L. B." writes: "I have only seen a girl once in several weeks because she told me not to call again until she let me know. She won't let me write to her. Do you think she cares for me?"

The young lady does not seem particularly desirous of keeping up your acquaintance.

"A. Z." writes: "What would be a suitable, inexpensive present for the graduation party of a girl of fourteen?"

A fan or a pair of gloves would be nice gifts.

"E. Z." writes: "I am engaged to a man with red hair. Are all red-haired men deceitful?"

Goodness, no! The color of the hair has nothing to do with the character.

"K. T." writes: "I am a young man of twenty-one, and my father says I should wait till I am thirty before marrying. Do you think this is right?"

No, indeed. You are over age, and if you are in love marry as soon as you wish, provided that you are economically independent.

"M. O." writes: "Why should a man take the position nearest the curb when walking with a girl?"

The custom arose because the man is supposed to be stronger physically and should therefore be where he can protect the lady from any street disturbance.

"N. D." writes: "I am engaged to a young man earning a small salary, while I have always been used to comfort and even luxury. Do you think we shall be happy together?"

Not unless you love him enough to be willing to live cheerfully in the way which he can afford.

Love and Truth.

"M. M." writes: "If a man loves a girl does he continually tell her lies?"

No, and a liar is not worthy of any girl's love.

"H. R." writes: "You say it's wrong to kiss a girl unless you are engaged to her. But I love a girl dearly and she loves me, and neither one of us pays any attention to anybody else. Isn't it all right for us to kiss?"

If you feel as you say, why not get engaged? My point is that a girl who allows a man she doesn't intend to marry to kiss her gives him something which she should reserve for her future husband.

"P. D." writes: "I am nineteen and my fiancee is thirty. Will the difference in age affect my future happiness?"

Marriages are usually more successful when both parties are about the same age, but your case may be an exception.

A Dilemma.

A GIRL who signs herself "A. P." writes:

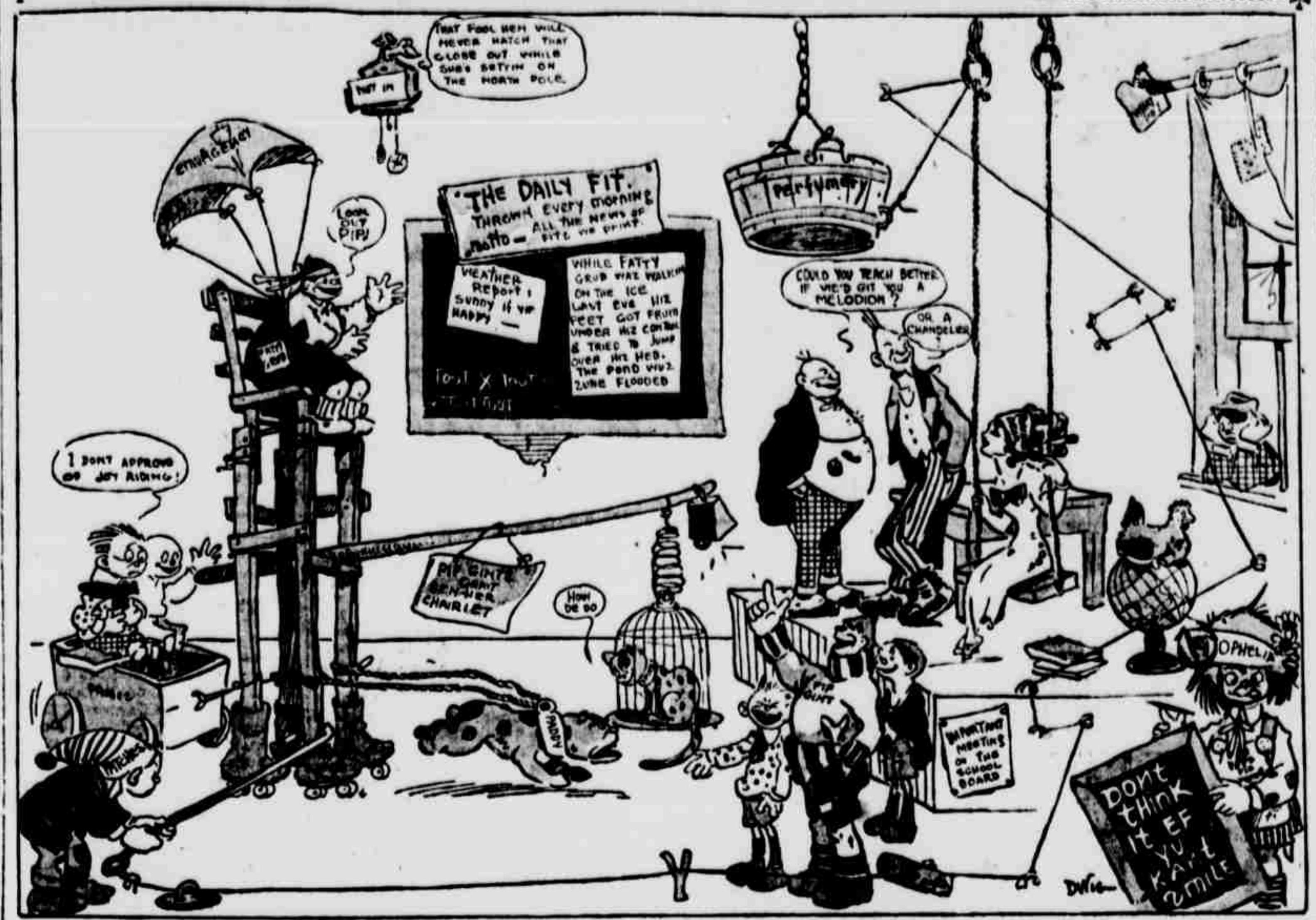
"The son of my employer has been paying me marked attention. I am very much in love with him, but I know if his father saw us together I should lose my situation and I cannot afford to do that. Yet I do not want to give him up. What shall I do?"

Tell the young man frankly of the position into which he is forcing you. Then if his intentions are serious he will offer to marry you. If he does not do this you should surely stop seeing him.

Schooldays

Follow the String!

By Dwig



As They Looked a Quarter Century Ago

Old-Time Photographs of Stage Celebrities

ADA REHAN

Ada Rehan—Julia Arthur.

IN these days, when one hears so much about the difficulty of finding actors competent to play Shakespeare, it is sad to think that two of his most beautiful and brilliant exponents retired at the height of their fame and are living quietly among us in effortless domesticity.

Ten years ago no histrionic names shone brighter than those of Ada Rehan and Julia Arthur; nothing could attest the genuineness of their wish for peace and privacy more convincingly than that both actresses live among us and yet avoid the least publicity. The accompanying photographs are especially interesting, inasmuch as they show both stars on the eve of their greatest brilliance, rather than in the intensity of its glow. Ada Rehan appeared in the first play acted in the present Daly's Theatre—"Love's Young Dream"—Sept. 17, 1879, but she was then inconspicuous and unknown. The eighties, in the middle of which this photograph was taken, saw the rapid rise of this great actress, though it was near the end of that decade before she presented the first of her almost matchless gallery of Shakespeare heroines. She had in the mean time been endearing herself more and more indissolubly to the hearts of New Yorkers as the joyous hoyden of contemporary farce, in association with John Drew, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, May Irwin, Otis Skinner, the late James Lewis and Mrs. George J. Gould.

The photograph of Julia Arthur, taken ten years later, shows her at about the same point in her progress toward Shakespearian eminence. Finding advancement too slow in the enviable position of leading actress of A. M. Palmer's stock company, Miss Arthur threw up the position and, moving upon London, secured an engagement with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, where she played several characters second in importance to Ellen Terry's, and even filled the latter's place as Lady Anne in "Richard III." Coming back to America, Miss Arthur accumulated money enough in the popular drama of "A Lady of Quality" to launch herself as a classic star in "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea," &c.

At the very height of her success she married Benjamin P. Cheney, the Boston millionaire, and consented to leave the stage on the agreement that she might enjoy a farewell season in the calcium glare. This she did in an unforgettably opulent production of the Napoleonic drama "More Than Queen." During the last decade Mrs. Cheney has lived quietly in Boston as has Ada Rehan in New York.

JULIA ARTHUR

Fables for Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

The Everlasting Servant.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

ONCE upon a time there was a servant. There are good servants and bad servants and indifferent servants.

But this servant was an EVERLASTING one. This servant had answered the Want ad that no paper would have pages enough to print! Even the girl who could wash and iron and cook, and, in fact, what good housekeepers call "a jewel," could not COMPARE with her.

For a "jewel" is verily queen in her realm. First of all, she does not say she will take the place until all is stipulated as to her wages, her Thursdays out and her Sundays in, her Wednesday caller, &c.

And of course the family agrees to it all, for isn't it getting a genuine PRECIOUS stone? Yet, the lady next door offers the jewel a few more shekels—then the week's notice.

But the servant I want to tell you about was not engaged THAT way. She held her position for LIFE. Her wages were not PREARRANGED. She took the wages of work and the wages of woe along with the only compensation that is hers from the days of mother Eve—that of being a MOTHER.

Many times was she blind to the finer sensibilities of real living, clothing dire necessities in saying words like:

"Dearie, you look so nice in your last fall's hat. You just couldn't have another that would suit as well."

And many other ways and means were hers to smooth over this struggling-to-make-ends-meet existence—this being well versed in the coin-stretching process.

Many times the ends did not meet well, but she took up the thread of things and SEWED ON. For in her heart of hearts hadn't she those dear children? And what else mattered in the wide, wide world?

Many times those children did not APPRECIATE this REAL servant in the house. Many times they did not know how she interviewed the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker, which even a "jewel of a servant" is not EXPECTED to do.

Then there was the time when the boy lost his job. But, dear me, here was the servant in the house to worry right WITH him. Always, "misery loves company," which this real servant in the house knows so well.

Many times the boy did not stop to think that he could get ANOTHER sweetheart, another wife, many sisters, but he can only have ONE mother.

But he and the others took it all as a matter of course, an everyday arrangement of things, as many of us often do.

One day, as she was in the serving business, she was called out of town to serve a sick relative and had to be gone some time.

This was one of the first real vacations (?) the mother had taken or rather had had thrust upon her since the children had GROWN. And, of course, as they had arrived at the age where they should have taken care of THEMSELVES, she left them.

No need to tell of the several servants that came to fill the want, but were found WANTING in filling it. No need to tell of the many trials and tribulations the family found in the most TRIFLING every hour action of events.

Where all had been as smooth as a placid sea before was now turbulent. No one would have dreamed that there were so many LITTLE things needed in the curriculum of smooth living.

They wondered how she had MANAGED it all—that nothing seemingly was left UNDONE. It seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of the bucket.

And the wail across the space was "Come back! Oh, come back!" And being the everlasting servant, back she came. They realized. Many caresses were directed toward her that had never been there BEFORE. But the little wise mother knew, and she was glad even for the fall flowers.

MORAL: THE EVERLASTING SERVANT WANTS THE DAILY BLOSSOM RATHER THAN THE WEEKLY PAY ENVELOPE.

Ever See a "Mo-Sleigh?" Here's One.

THE missing link between the motor car and the sleigh has at last been found. It goes by the euphonious title of "mo-sleigh," though the inventor of the ingenious device gave it the more high-sounding and aviation-like name of "nivoplane."

Equipped with wheels, runners, snow-guard, &c., it is for use not only on roads but on snow-covered expanses as well. Coasting thus becomes a mere sensied feat, while hill climbing is entrusted to the powerful wheels. The accompanying picture is from The Sketch.

From Everywhere.

FREQUENTLY the winter highways in the Yukon Valley are mere trails, traversed only by dog sledges.

The sloping banks of the Panama Canal will be sown in strong grass in order to prevent slips.

During his fifty-nine years of office as bailiff's clerk at Shoreditch, England, George Clarke, who died recently, had some 700,000 summonses pass through his hands.

The Province of Quebec will sell no more of its water powers in perpetuity and has advertised for proposals for ninety-nine year leases of ten large water powers in the province.

It is supposed by some that the little wolf of India was the original ancestor of the dog. It is the only wild animal possessing the salient eyebrow or crest of the dog.

Books printed in Cairo are read by the campfires of the Sahara, in the market of Timbuctoo, under the very shadows of the Kaaba, and are treasured in the mosques of Java and Western China.

The use of firearms is very extensive in Spain. Hunting is so popular that 20,000,000 empty sporting cartridges were imported into Spain last year, and of these 7,500,000 entered the port of Valencia alone.

The Range Riders

Another Great Cowboy Romance

By C. A. Seltzer, Author of "THE TWO-GUN MAN"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Santa Fe, a cowboy adventurer, rides into the town of Cimmaron, where a letter has come to the Sheriff, Jim Webster, offering a reward of $500 for the capture of a certain horse thief. Webster [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] reward. Santa Fe, after listening to the [illegible], falls into talk with Denver, a [illegible] whom he has known in former days. Denver tells Webster that Santa Fe is the missing thief and he charges $250 for the information. Santa Fe is [illegible]. Webster and Denver set away with him to the town where he is "wanted." Denver and Santa Fe, at a lonely spot on the road, hold up the Sheriff and rob him. A little later two cowpunchers, who call themselves Bonanza and Tucson Ed, get work at the Bar Cross ranch. From the first they quarrel. Bonanza is sent for by McVea, the ranch manager, who asks him about the disagreement.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

A Tragedy on Little Elk.

"THAT there shooting was plum rediculous!" he returned. "Nothing could have stopped him hittin' me if I'd been two feet taller."

McVea did not answer Bonanza's smile.

"You've met up with Tucson somewheres before?" he questioned gravely.

Bonanza sneered.

"Met up with him?" he queried. "I reckon you might call it that. When I first saw him, a year ago, he was raslin' drinks an' cleanin' spittons in Pere Goin's gamblin' joint, over in Guadalupita. Later, I saw him hittin' the breeze down the Antoinette trail, about a mile ahead of the Sheriff. Had a thousand dollars of the station agent's money in his clothes."

"The Sheriff didn't git him?" said McVea.

"You're talkin' foolish," returned Bonanza, his lips curling. "I reckon Tucson wouldn't let no Sheriff git him."

McVea raised his eyes. "Bad man?" he interrogated.

"Some bad," returned Bonanza. "You want to git ready mighty quick when you go to foolin' with him."

McVea meditated.

"That's the worst of hirin' new men," he said; "you don't know what you're gettin'. Liable to be hirin' rustlers unknowin'."

Bonanza stretched his long legs, leaning back lazily.

"You could say that about me," he said; "I've only been here two weeks."

McVea's eyes wandered over the tall puncher. "I reckon you ain't Tucson's kind or he wouldn't have drawed on you last night." He smiled. "It don't take me very long to git a man's measure. Give me time I'd have got onto Tucson."

"I reckon that's right." Bonanza smiled drily. "You're one of them men that c'n size a man up right quick."

McVea leaned forward, a smile of pleased vanity on his face.

"I c'n size up men," he said; "that's why I'm here. An' I've got Tucson about right. For instance, what would you say if I was to tell you that I'd got Tucson down as a rustler?"

This was a palpable "feel," based upon what the manager inferred from the incident of the preceding night. But Bonanza's face was impassive. He looked squarely at the manager and deliberately closed one eye.

"If I was sayin' anything," he said, "it'd be that you was makin' a pretty wise guess. But I'm keepin' mum. There ain't any love lost between me an' Tucson. An' I ain't lookin' for trouble. I wouldn't want Tucson to know that I'd been talkin' about him."

McVea smiled and turned to his desk.

"I reckon that's all," he said; "you c'n keep right on—not sayin' anything. I'll take care of Tucson."

Bonanza rose and walked to the door. "I'm tellin' you what I told the boys," he said. "Be kind of gentle with the cuss."

He turned and went out before the manager could look up.

For a few days it seemed nothing would result from this conference. The outfit was working down the Cimarron, and apparently time was wearing the edge off the enmity between Tucson and Bonanza. The former was uncommunicative, glum; he kept to himself as much as possible, taking no part in the camp-fire talks. Veiled allusions to the incident of the bunkhouse only served to increase his taciturnity. He went his way unmolested, apparently unmindful of the fact that he was being left outside the fellowship.

Yet no man took any liberties with him. There was about him a certain lingering threat of cold preparedness for anything that might happen that effectually dampened the ardor of men who might have attempted levity in his presence.

There had been no further reference on Bonanza's part to Tucson's past. Apparently, having planted the seed of suspicion, Bonanza was content to allow time to vindicate his charge. Yet there were scowls when, during the course of their work, the two men met; Bonanza's sneer followed Tucson always. The other men began to predict that a clash would come soon.

And then quite suddenly one day the range boss dropped into camp and spoke a word to Tucson. It was in the early morning, and the men were eating breakfast near the chuck wagon. Tucson said nothing, but rose from his place and began to pack his slicker and look after his saddle. After he had caught up his pony and was ready to travel he came and stood near the chuck wagon, looking at Bonanza.

"I'm fired," he said to the latter, his lips tightening over his teeth in a snarl. "I reckon it's on account of what you said that night down in the bunkhouse. I'm goin' over to headquarters to git my time, an' I'm goin' to ask McVea. If it's your fault, I'm tellin' you that I'll git you!"

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," returned Bonanza coldly. "But I reckon you ain't goin' to git me." He moved slightly and threw the muzzle of his six-shooter upward, covering Tucson. "If you're thinkin' of that, start now. I'd admire fer to make you feel onpunctual."

Tucson made no attempt to draw his weapon. He stood, tall and angular, looking down at Bonanza, the snarl still on his lips.

"You're a smart man!" he said, his words writhing through his lips; "but this thing ain't over!"

He turned abruptly, swung into his saddle and rode furiously into the distance that yawned between the chuck wagon and the Bar Cross ranchhouse.

On the morning of a day three weeks later, the range boss was in the manager's office, looking over the cattle tally. Patiently and laboriously the manager ran up a column of figures. Then he looked up.

"We're ten short this week," he said. "Last week it was eight, an' the week before fifteen. An' it ain't dry to speak of, an' there's plenty of grass."

"I've had the boys lookin' around for strays," said the range boss, puzzled, "an' there ain't none. There ain't any signs of any, an' there ain't none been killed. An' there ain't a hide or carcass that'd show the wolves had got them."

"An' still we're thirty-three short on the month," returned McVea. "Do you reckon any of the boys have run them off?"

"The boys is square," stated the range boss stoutly; "there ain't been any of the boys missin' for a minute."

"There ain't none of them been drownded?" experimented the manager.

"Huh! There ain't water deep enough in the whole Purgatory country to drownd a coyote!"

"I reckon they've just swallered one another," observed McVey sarcastically. "Yes, that's just what they've done; they've swallered one another!"

"Meanin'," snapped the range boss.

"Meanin' that there's a leak somewheres—that you ought to find!"

The range boss's face crimsoned. "I reckon you could git a better man than me to run this range!" he said harshly.

McVea sat erect. "I ain't sayin' that!" he declared, suddenly placative. "I don't believe you're the fault. What I'm meanin' is that you ought to find the leak. You reckon it's rustlers?"

"I'm aimin' to see," returned the range boss. "It can't be nothin' else. I'm ridin' the Cimarron range to-day—where the outfit is. If there's any one rustlin' cattle I'm goin' to know it!"

He went out and mounted his pony. The next morning he rode up to the ranchhouse and met McVea at the door. He drooped with weariness, his eyes were red and swollen, telling of loss of sleep.

"I ain't been out of the saddle for half an hour since I left here," he said grimly. "But I've found him. He's over on the Cimarron, on Little Elk crossin'. It's that man you fired about a month ago—Tucson Ed, he calls hisself."

McVea's lips tightened.

"Then that man Bonanza was right," he said. "He kind of hinted that Tucson was a rustler." His eyes lighted coldly. "I reckon we'd better send the boys over an' git him," he said. "Did you look over his stock?"

"I didn't look," returned the range boss quietly. "While I was there he was watchin' me from behind the muzzle of his six. I didn't think I ought to try an' look—just then."

"Bonanza told me to be gentle with the cuss," said McVea, contemplating the range boss. "I wonder what he meant?"

The range boss smiled. "I wasn't just ready to see if he could be handled any other way," he said. "If Bonanza knows how to handle him I reckon it'd be a pretty good idea to have Bonanza take care of him. There ain't any of the boys hankerin' for the job."

McVea smiled quietly. "That Bonanza's got a way about him that don't tickle me a heap," he declared, plainly troubled; "but I reckon he ain't scared of Tucson."

"I reckon not," returned the range boss.

McVea's eyes filled with a deep significance. "I'm goin' to have Bonanza ride sign on Tucson," he said evenly.

"Then if one or the other of them gits hurt there won't be much lost."

IV.

With the beginning of Bonanza's espionage the Bar Cross cattle ceased to disappear. For two weeks the tally showed no losses. Then Bonanza was withdrawn for a week and the result was a loss of ten. While this might have been a mere coincidence, McVea accepted it as positive proof of Tucson's guilt. He called Bonanza into consultation.

The tall puncher had little to offer. "Far as I c'n see he's runnin' his own cattle," he said, "or them that he claims are his. I counted them one day while he was gone down the crick. There's thirty-three of them. But there ain't a sign on any one of them to tell that they might have belonged to the Bar Cross. If he's rustlin' them he's plum slick!"

"I reckon you watched him close?" said the manager, though he knew that such had been his order.

"You're tryin' to fun me," said Bonanza with a half sneer. "You didn't send me to watch him so's I could have a picnic."

"No offense," offered McVea quickly, "you could ketch him if any one could. I reckon it's just as you say—he's plum slick. But rustlin' has got to be stopped!"

(To Be Continued)

New York Streets,

And How They Received Their Names.

No. 12.—JONES STREET.

TWO streets in New York bear the name of "Jones." People have said jokingly that if there are a couple of streets named "Jones," there should be at least a dozen called "Smith," whereas there is not a single Smith street nowadays in the whole city. (In old days the south part of William street was known as Smith street.)

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century one of the foremost physicians in America was Dr. Humphrey Jones of New York. In 1789 a strip of land was turned over to the city for a new street. And the street was called "Jones" in honor of the doctor.

Some time later a street was cut through a field that was part of the farm owned by one Samuel Jones. The farm's owner wanted the street named for himself. But he found there was already a Jones street. Sooner than give up his idea he hit on a plan for going the original street one better.

So he named the new thoroughfare "GREAT Jones street." This was awkward and is said to have occasioned much amusement at the time. But it at least avoided the giving of two streets precisely the same name.

There is also a "Jones lane" in New York. It is in the old shipping district and opens out of Front street.